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CHAPTER XIV.
THE RED CROSS KNIGHT.

There was nothing for it but to return to the hotel, and Reuben was about to retrace his steps when a sudden idea flashed across his mind. Why not make use of the invitation card which he had in his pocket? He scanned the card again. Yes, it would certainly admit him, if in fancy dress.

Without further hesitation Reuben took his way to Sparkson's, the theatrical costumier in Bow Street. He explained his need of a costume and bade the shopman choose what he thought most suitable.

"Well, sir," said the man, as he surveyed Reuben's shrewy form, "I should suggest a Black Knight. It's a bit out of the ordinary run, and you could wear a visor instead of a mask, and a long black Crusader cloak would conceal your figure completely."

"That will do," said Reuben, and when the man had procured and fitted the necessary costume, he paid the bill with a sigh of satisfaction.

That night Reuben dressed himself in the character of the Black Knight, and, with his black cloak round him, was able to hail a taxi without attracting any attention. A quarter of an hour later found him ascending the staircase of Lady Verrinder's house in Mayfair.

The mansion was ablaze with lights, and powdered footmen in blue and gold liveries ushered in the guests. As Reuben had expected, his name was never questioned, the very fact of his tendering the card was sufficient; and, in benumbed bewilderment, he found himself surrounded by a motley crowd of every race and century. Here a Roman emperor, there an Italian peasant girl, beside her a demon in green scales and tail, and beyond, in close conversation, Queen Elizabeth and Oliver Cromwell.

Laughter and chatter rang around the rooms as the ball was opened by Lady Verrinder. Dazzled, yet delighted by the unaccustomed glitter, Reuben stood in a recess, watching each new arrival. Suddenly he was accosted by a lady, magnificently dressed as Portia, in violet satin robes. She tapped him playfully on the shoulder.

"Not dancing, marquise?" she said, archly. "You see, I have discovered you already, and as a reward, you shall have the dance now beginning. It is more than you deserve."

Reuben was about to tell her that she had made a mistake; but entering into the spirit of the adventure, he checked himself, and made an appropriate compliment to Portia's sharp eyes. After all, were he peer or commoner, his dance with the lady would harm no one, and accordingly

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slipping an arm around her waist, he led her into the waltz, although not without a qualm of doubt. He had danced on the stage as a boy, but whether he could keep in step now was another question. He found it quite simple, and was soon encircling the room, much to his secret amusement.

"No one has my step as you have, marquise," said his partner, as they stopped to take breath. Reuben smiled almost cynically, but he did not disclose his identity; after all, he thought, "where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise," and as the fair Portia was content with her Black Knight, what did it matter?

He led her to a seat, and stood beside her while she pointed out and named several of the couples who whirled past them; but whether she was right as to the identity of the dancers or whether the names she gave them were wild guesses, he had no means of ascertaining.

"Now, who are these?" she said, as another couple entered the ballroom, one in the simple garb of a Puritan, the other in the dress of a Spanish lady of rank. Reuben's heart beat violently—he knew the tall, lithe figure and the contour of the graceful head.

To his relief, a Cossack came to claim his partner, and he was free to step back behind a pillar and watch Olive. With graceful step she came across the room, till almost within touch of Reuben, and he felt his face flush so near was she to him. Suddenly two figures approached—a Mephistopheles and a Romeo in pale blue satin; they stopped to speak to Olive, and their voices betrayed them—the Mephistopheles was Mr. Normanby, the Romeo no less a person than Morgan Verner—and Reuben's heart grew heavy within him, as he watched the woman he worshipped whirl off in the dance with his hated foe.

At first he made up his mind to seek out Sir Edwin and fulfill his appointed task; but, with a sudden impulse, he determined to make the most of his first—and probably his last—glimpse of aristocratic London life; and he therefore plunged once more into the dance keeping the Spanish lady always in sight. At last, at the end of a waltz, Reuben found his way to a small alcove, half hidden by palms and ferns, where he sat motionless, lost in meditation. Presently a voice startled him into unwilling attention. It was Morgan Verner's.

"My word, it's hot, Normanby! I'm about sick of dancing attendance on that lump of a girl. No chance of getting a drink, I suppose." "Ungrateful man," sneered the other. "Why, your heart's idol has smiled most sweetly on you." "Oh, rot!" returned Morgan, promptly. "Olive Seymour would smile on anybody; that's no sign of success—I know her." "Do you?" exclaimed his friend, with hidden scorn, as he looked at the mean face of his dupe. "Well, the game is nearly won with Sir Edwin, so you had better be deferential, and perhaps you'll win the beauty's regard."

"Regard be hanged," retorted Morgan. "It's her money I want." "Hush!" said Normanby. "Be careful! I should think you must be in love elsewhere, from the way you talk."

"What if I am?" said Morgan sullenly. "I know some one a thousand times prettier than that Seymour jade, only—one's got the money, and the other hasn't." "Unfortunately," sneered Mr. Normanby. "How happy could I be with either, if both the dear charmers had money, eh?"

Reuben half rose to make his escape, when Normanby said quickly: "Look! There goes Lord Craven-

den. He means to propose to her to-night, so you had better play your cards well." "Good heavens, Normanby, how do you know these things? I believe you are the devil himself," said Morgan. Normanby smiled. "She won't have him, my dear fellow," he said. "But I'll watch them, and, after she's refused him, I'll make a signal—touch this feather in my cap—"

"What then?" asked Morgan, arranging his mask. "Well, you cut in then." She won't refuse two men in one night, for one thing; besides, as I said before, Sir Edwin will be got over soon, and then success is sure. But come this way." Taking Morgan's arm, Normanby led him away.

Reuben rose, his face pale, his eyes shining through his visor. It had needed all his self-control to prevent him striking Verner to the ground. In another minute he was by their side.

"Good evening, Sir Edwin." Sir Edwin laughed heartily. "Ah, Craven den," he said. "I thought I knew you."

"Mine is evidently a poor disguise," said his lordship, as he moved nearer to Olive, who turned pale as she heard his voice.

"You should have declared yourself sooner, my lord," said Lady Bakewell. "I saw you quite early in the evening—but you have lost your red cross!"

Lord Craven den smiled, somewhat puzzled—for he had but that moment entered the ballroom; but he did not stop to inquire her meaning; he asked Olive for a dance and led her away. After the dance, during which Olive had striven to maintain an un-restrained manner, he led her into one of the cool recesses, and Olive sank down with a sigh, for she had a fore-boding of his purpose.

"I did not know you were coming," she said.

"No," he replied. "I did not decide to do so until to-day, and have only just arrived."

"I wonder what made Lady Bakewell say she had seen you all the evening?" said Olive musingly.

"She must be mistaken," he replied, "or else there is another Black Knight though I don't think it likely"—then he turned to her, speaking in a low voice, full of passion—"Olive, I have come to-night on the chance of seeing you. I had determined to keep silence and say nothing of the matter so near my heart; but it is impossible! Olive, do you remember the question I put to you at Bingleigh?"

She did not speak, and he went on: "Forgive me for recalling it now and here; but I cannot see you and be near you without striving to win you. Olive, I implore you to give me my answer to-night."

Olive looked up at him, then looked down again with a sigh. "One word only," he breathed. "Tell me that I may try to win your love. Tell me that I may hope—that is all I ask."

(To be continued.)

Meanwhile, Olive, flushed with pleasure, was just waking to a consciousness of her beauty and its magic power. To her, surrounded by a band of devoted courtiers, flattered and admired, this night seemed one of the happiest she had ever spent. Sir Edwin watched her proudly, happy in the knowledge that she was happy; for otherwise the gay scene interested him but little. His heart had been buried long ago in the tomb of his young wife.

"Your daughter looks as happy as she is beautiful, Sir Edwin," said Lady Bakewell, his partner, as Olive floated up to where the elder couple were standing.

"She is certainly happy," said her father.

"What have you done with the Black Knight?" asked her ladyship, as Olive fanned herself. "He has done nothing but stand in corners and watch you. I couldn't help noticing him."

"I haven't seen him," said Olive.

"Who was he?" Lady Bakewell laughed.

"Fancy your not recognizing such a devoted swain—I did at once. Ah,

night, so you had better play your cards well."

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here he comes." She looked across at a Black Knight who was approaching them through the whirling crowd. In another minute he was by their side.

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(To be continued.)

2281—Now that housework has been promoted to domestic science, women are taking more interest in the style and kind of garments for home work. The model here portrayed has reversible fronts, good lines, ample fullness, and may be made with the sleeve in wrist or elbow length. Linen, khaki, drill, percale, lawn, dimity, cashmere and flannel may be employed, but the wash fabrics are most satisfactory for service and laundering.

The Pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46 inches bust measure. Size 38 requires 6 1/2 yards of 44-inch material. The skirt portions measure about 2 3/4 yards at the foot.

A pattern of this illustration mailed to any address on receipt of 10 cents in silver or stamps.

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Size
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Narrow skirts and fitted jackets are hinted at. Lavender is in high favor at present for lingerie. Evening gowns have little puffed sleeves of tulle. Plaid woolen coats are worn with velvet skirts.

2282—Brilliantine, plaid or checked suiting, gabardine, poplin, voile or serge, are nice for this style. The waist is made with Norfolk plaits, and is lengthened by a gathered skirt, in moynage effect. The closing is effected with a shield, under the front. The sleeve, as one-piece model, is finished with a smart cuff.

This Pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 10 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

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A NEAT HOUSE DRESS.
2281

2282

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The British Navy

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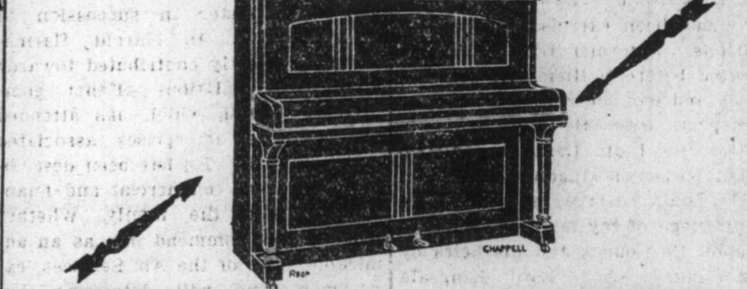
We cannot duplicate this price later, as Navy Serges are becoming difficult to obtain and prices are very high. We ourselves even to-day cannot, for \$17.00, buy the Serge in this suit. But our advanced buying is for your protection.

In Men's Suits we have also just received another couple of "Cracker-Jacks" in fine Worsteds at \$20.00 each. These come in Blue and also Brown effects, and will easily pass as \$35.00 tailor-made suits.

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LONDON, Dec. 31, 1917

HATS ON BEFORE THE KING

The aged peer, Lord Faversham, whose death is reported from this country, was one of only two persons in this country who possessed the privilege to appear with their hats on in the King's presence, the other being King's uncle, the Duke of Devonshire.

In each case the privilege is hereditary. One of Lord Faversham's ancestors was granted the right to wear a hat in the presence of King Henry VIII, while Lord Devonshire's ancestor, Sir John de Courcy, was granted the privilege from King John. The quality of the hat has been exercised on many occasions. A former Lord Devonshire appeared before William IV with his hat on, and met the King's surprise of surprise with "Sir, my name is De Courcy. I am Lord of Kings in your Majesty's kingdom, and I remain covered to the King."

Old privilege of my family granted Sir John de Courcy and his heirs King John." And Lord Devonshire kept his hat on before George I, George II and his successors, succeeded before George III and Queen Victoria. Prerogatives of this kind are highly valued in the past. For example, the Duke of St. Albans, hereditary High Falconer, has the right to drive down Rotten Row, London's fashionable horse racing ground, and at the coronation of Queen Victoria the Duke of Devonshire, the late Lord Forester's neck line can be traced back to William the Conqueror.

THE ARMY COMMANDERS.

With the promotion of Sir Julian Byng to the substantive rank of General—recognition of the Third Army Chief's leadership, which has given intense satisfaction—three of the Army commanders in France have now won this advancement for the services on the Western Front.

Herbert Plumer, who organized the Second Army's victory at Messines, and Sir Henry Rawlinson, who led the Fourth Army on the Somme last year, are the other full Generals. Sir Henry Horne, the First Army's chief of staff, and Sir Hubert Gough, who is in charge of the Fifth Army, are both Lieutenants-General, with the temporary rank of General. Sir Julian Byng's predecessor in the Third Army, Sir Edmund Allenby, also received his step to full General for his leadership on the Western Front before going to Palestine.

SOLDIER "DEAD-HEADS."

While the "dead-head" is the driver of the theatrical manager's limousine, he is fortunate enough to have a successful piece, yet there are times when, if a piece is not doing well, he is carefully "papering" the house with an illusion of flourishing business, given which may pull the play through. Instead, however, of inviting the old-time "dead-head" with his loved air of doing a favor, he shabby dress suit, and his object is the its of coming late and going early, the

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A headache is frequently caused by badly digested food, indigestion and acid resulting therefrom, more absorbed by the blood vessels in turn irritates the nerves and causes painful symptoms of headache, neuralgia, sciatica, etc. 15 to 30 drops of Mother Seigel's Syrup will correct faulty digestion and afford relief.

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